



RURK



PUBLICATIONS NUMBER



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switches on radios . . . cigarettes
that really SATISFY!



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MILDER . . AND BETTER TASTE

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Chesterfield Cigarettes
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College Humor
Farr's Shoe Store
First National Bank
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E. H. Young

ISN'T IT
TIME
YOU . . .

TELEPHONED *Mother and Dad* ?



IT GIVES SO MUCH
and
TAKES SO LITTLE!

There are few things you can do that will give the folks as much pleasure as a telephone chat with you; and mighty few that will give you such a thrill!

All it takes is a few minutes of your time; a very small bit of effort, and a tiny share of your pin money. (Charges can be reversed, for that matter.)

Go to a telephone tonight, give your home telephone number to the Operator—and in a jiffy you'll be home again.

Make a date to telephone home on a certain evening every week.



DIFFERENT

I thought my girl was different
Than others of her sex;
Different than the silly types
That specialize in necks.

I thought my girl would only talk
Of drama and of books,
Instead of jabbering about
"How swell that fellow looks."

I thought that my girl wouldn't park
Beside a lonely lot—
I thought my girl was different,
But, thank God, she is not.

—Black and Blue Jay

The teacher was trying to get her pupils to understand the dreadful business of conjugating verbs.

"When I say 'I have, thou hast, he has'," she explained, "I am conjugating the verb 'to have.' Do you understand?"

They did.

"Very good. Now listen carefully. 'I love you love, he loves.' What is that?"

Up shot little Marmaduke's hand. Marmaduke was a film enthusiast.

"Please miss," he said, "it's one of them there triangles when some one gets shot!"—Tit-Bits.

Stude: "Have a drink of Scotch?"

Visitor: "Sir! I'll have you know that I'm a Congressman."

Stude: "Oh, pardon me. Have some home-made gin."
—Punch Bowl.

Taxidermists and salesmen both stuff dumb animals.

AW, C'MON!

Auditor: "Now, let's see your pink slips."

Filing Clerk (fem.): "Sir!" —Mugwump.

—o—

Soph: "Where do you think you are going?"

Frosh: "Who me? I'm going over the cemetery to dig up a girl for the dance tonight." —Wampus.

—o—

"Hadn't you better go and tell your father?" said the motorist to the farmer's boy who stood looking at the load of hay upset in the lane by a collision.

"He knows," replied the boy.

"Knows? How can he know?"

"He's under the hay." —Drexer.

—o—

My Dear Miss Dix:

I have been happily married for ten years to a man three years my senior. He is a Senator, but of late he has been so wrapped up in his belief that he can enforce prohibition, that he is driving me to drink. Something must be done if our happiness is to continue. Oh, what shall I do?

(Signed) Mrs. B.

My Dear Mrs. B.:

I think it due time that you tell your husband the truth about Santa Claus and the stork.

—Punch Bowl.

—o—

Liza, the negro cook, answered the telephone one morning, and a cheerful voice inquired, "What number is this?"

Liza was in no mood for trifling questions, and said with some asperity, "You all ought to know. You called it." —Bison.

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436 Wyandotte Street, Bethlehem

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THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK & TRUST CO.

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Capital	\$300,000.00
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Oldest Bank in Bethlehem

Dean of Women: "Didn't I see you entering a fraternity house last night at 9:45?"

Co-ed: "Yes, ma'am, but I didn't stay a minute—I was just going back after my hat." —Froth.

—o—

No matter how you slice it, it's still a golf ball." —Pitt Panther.

—o—

He: "Do you let men love you?"

She: "No, but I'm not very strong." —Ranger.

—o—

Student: "That girl that just passed us lives next door and you didn't even tip your hat."

2nd Student: "Gee, I didn't recognize her when she was dressed." —Rammer-Jammer.

—o—

Then there was the Scotchman who had his car equipped with reflectors instead of headlights."

—Log.

—o—

She: "Oh, Gilbert has the most wonderful pair of binoculars!"

Also: "Has he? I dearly love these strong, virile men." —Satyr.

—o—

Vassar: "Many of our graduates are working girls."

Smith: "Well, quite a few of ours are working men." —Lampoon.

—o—

"He's a man about town."

"Yes, and a fool about women." —Log.

"Do you think petting is more dangerous than spooning was in your day, grandpa?"

"Yes, because in my day the parlor sofa wasn't in danger of running into a tree." —Wampus.

—o—

Betty Co-ed says that after sitting through a certain lecture class she knows how that Philistine felt who was slain by the jawbone of an ass.

—Purple Parrot.

—o—

IN OLD GREECE

Tailor: "Euripides?"

Customer: "Yah, Eumenides?" —Malteaser.

—o—

Thomas Jefferson (to George Washington): "Now stop, Georgie, you know that's not good for my Constitution." —Reserve Red Cat.

—o—

House President: "We can't very well phone the police about that sorority not pulling their shades down."

Pledge: "I tell you it's outrageous."

H. P.: "As far as that goes, you can't see anything from here, anyway."

Pledge: "No, but just stand up on that table and take a look." —Coleman.

—o—

Excited Lady (telephoning to insurance broker): "I want to insure my garage and car at once. Can I do it over the phone?"

Insurance Broker (mildly surprised): "Perhaps I had better send a man . . ."

Excited Lady (frantically): "I've got to do it immediately, I tell you. They are both on fire!"

—Bison.



College Humor's ALL- AMERICANS

Basketball AND Hockey

IN THE MAY ISSUE

College Humor was the first publication to attempt a selection of honor teams in inter-collegiate basketball and hockey. And today College Humor's selections of All-American stars in these two sports are recognized as official and authentic.

No other national magazine has undertaken to scrutinize the hundreds of college quintets in search of the five or ten most accomplished and consistently brilliant performers . . . or has endeavored a study of the different hockey conferences.

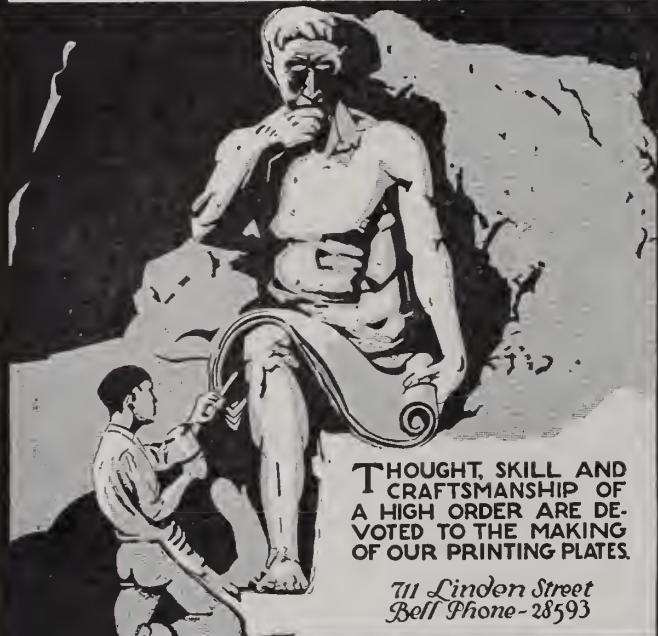
The counsel of college coaches the country over has been employed by Les Gage, Sports Editor, to assure an impartial and complete treatment of the subject. The May issue of College Humor, on sale the first of April, will announce the All-American cage team and hockey sextet for 1931 in conjunction with two comprehensive stories by Les Gage.



College Humor

M A G A Z I N E

Sanders-Reinhardt Co. Inc. Photo - Engravers



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A HIGH ORDER ARE DE-
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Open Saturday Evenings, 6:30 to 8:30

Poke—"What are you burning in that pipe of yours?"

Poked—"Sir Walter Raleigh."

Poke—"I thought it smelled dead and decayed."

—{O}—

Prof. Barnes, in mechanics class—"A collision is when two things come together unexpectedly. Now can anyone give me an example of a collision?"

Bright Student—"Twins."

—{O}—

Jones—I really don't know what to do with my weak end.

Smith—Why, put your hat on it.

—{O}—

"You should have seen Blanche run the half mile last night."

"What did she run it in?"

"I don't know what you call the — things."

—{O}—

The advertising man was proposing. "Remember," he said, "this is the last day for this astounding offer."

—{O}—

Then there was the English Prof. who thought that Lindbergh's stop at Colon was grammatically correct.

—{O}—

Farmer—"See here young feller, what are you doing up that tree?"

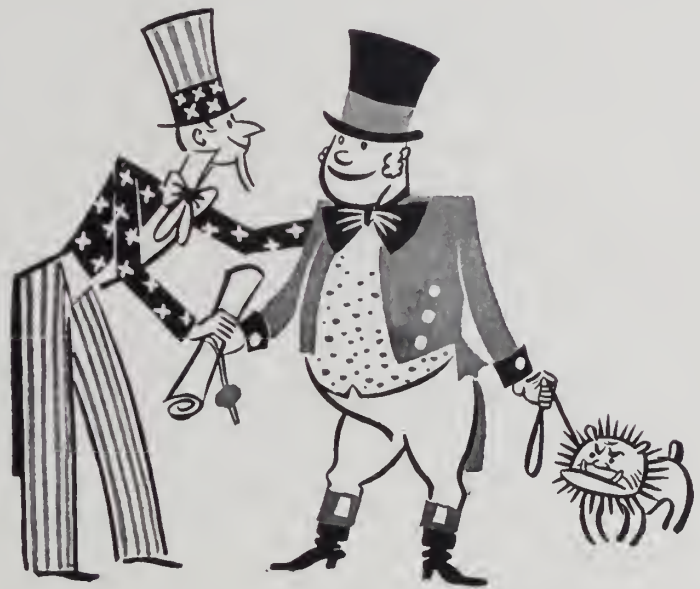
Lehigh Freshman—"Oh, one of your apples fell down and I'm trying to put it back."

DO YOU LIKE WORLD AFFAIRS?

IF SO READ VANITY FAIR

When someone says: "It's like taking Gandhi away from a baby," do you instinctively think of the Indian Salt revolt? . . . If you're in the intellectual swim, you will. Do you know that Hoover canceled his vacation to Yellowstone Park because the lawn sprinklers in Kansas were all stuffed up? . . . What's new in Naval parlance? . . . Who's scrapping what? . . . How does the new Tariff Act affect our imports of Brazil nuts? . . . of Zinc Oxide? . . . of our exports of Débutantes and shoe trunks? . . . What changes has Prohibition made in the New-foundland fishing industry? . . . Are we, as American citizens, satisfied with a change from mackerel to rye? . . . Vanity Fair digs deeply into World Affairs and gives you the low-down on them all.

Try to figure out how much it would cost you to buy the most talked-of new books . . . to go to the best shows, cinemas and musical comedies . . . to visit the London tailors . . . to see the best new works of art in Paris . . . to attend the world's great sporting events . . . to arrange for demonstrations of the latest cars and planes . . . to learn the inner secrets of Backgammon and Contract Bridge . . . to go to the opera: in short, to know what's what about everything that is interesting and new in this modern and quick-moving world.



EVERY ISSUE OF VANITY FAIR CONTAINS:

Humor:

The most original witticisms of the younger humourists and satirists.

The Theatre:

Intimate glimpses of the really interesting personalities on the stage and screen.

Art:

Perfect reproductions of the creations of modern European and American artists.

World Affairs:

Entertaining political sketches dealing with the foibles and weaknesses of world leaders.

Fashions:

A department of women's sport clothes and the trend in fashions, with reports from the leading tailors of New York and London.

Motor Cars and Airplanes:

The newest developments in motor cars and airplanes.

Contract Bridge:

Searching and expert articles on Backgammon and Contract Bridge.

Books:

Views and reviews on the latest books.

Sports:

Golf, fighting, etc.

Music and Opera:

The latest musical trend.

In short, you will find the Last Word on subjects that differentiate the successful and cultivated person from the uninformed nobody.

VANITY FAIR, GRAYBAR BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY

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☐ Enclosed find \$3 for 1 year.

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5 ISSUES OF VANITY FAIR \$1

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CENTRE SQUARE

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APPAREL for YOUNG MEN
that is in complete harmony with the refined tastes
of the well-bred
UNIVERSITY MAN

Exclusive Distributors for
Hickey-Freeman Fashion Park Dobbs Hats
Kuppenheimer Adler-Rochester
Manhattan Shirts

And then there's the sad story of the woman in Warsaw who brought a suit for divorce against her husband because he had eleven sweethearts. Just another case of the all powerful magnetic Pole, we gather.

—o—

The dean relates that pants aren't the only thing subject to suspension.

—o—

"You have a handsome husband, dearie."
"Yeah, but you should have seen the one that got away."
—Reserve Red Cat.

—o—

Scientists report that fleas can go without food for two weeks. But they won't. —Malteaser.

—o—

Counsel: "Now, answer yes or no. Were you or were you not bitten on the premises?"

Witness: "Anatomy isn't my strong point, but I can tell you that I didn't sit down for a week."
—Log.

—o—

The burglar finding the lady in the bath, covered her with his revolver. —Tiger.

—o—

"Hey, Joe," yelled the executioner as he strapped the flapper muddress in the chair, "hook up the extra generator. It takes a hell of a lot to shock this younger generation."
—Cornell Widow.

—o—

He laughs best who laughs with the prof.—Tiger.
And we know the Senator who calls his girl Violet Ray, because she gives you something you can't get through a window-pane. —Punch Bowl.



WELCOME LEHIGH STUDENTS.

Our fountains dispensing refreshing beverages is the rendezvous of the knowing ones; prompt, pleasing attentive service; daily surprises make the fountains at Young's a retreat of industrious students and their friends.

.....and this is no secret either, Schrafft's Fifth Avenue Candy is sold exclusively by Young's.

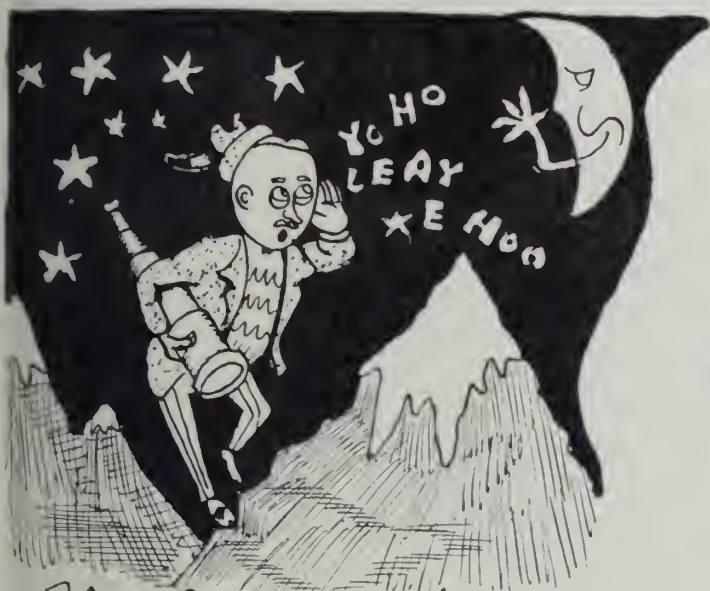
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"It's a pleasure to buy at Young's"

ROTOGRAVURE SECTION



VAN ARNAM: ↑

WITH REFRACTOR, REFLECTOR AND SPECTRUM
HE CHECKS UP THE STARS AND REJECTS 'EM.
HIS MIND MATHEMATICALLY BENT
ENVELOPES THE WORLD LIKE A TENT.

THOUGH MENTALLY SUITED TO SOLVE
QUEER PROBLEMS. I'M FORCED TO RESOLVE
HE PHYSICALLY RESEMBLES NO DODELER*
BUT A HELLUVA SWELL SWISS YODELER.

*A DODELER — ONE WHO FUTTERS CONSISTENTLY
WITH STRANGE ZODIACAL SIGNS. IT'S NO
CINCH TO RHYME YODELER.



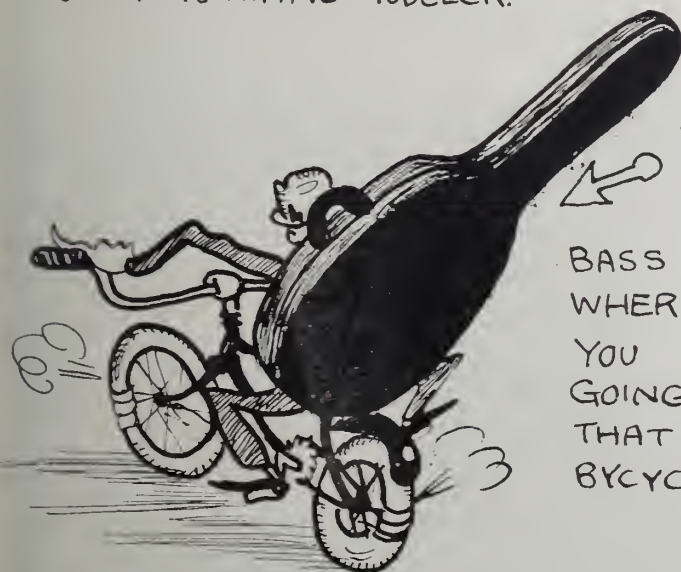
LAZY JACK: ↑

IN PSYCHOLOGY WE STUDIED
ALL ABOUT

THE DOINGS OF THE ORGANISM

BUT IT TAKES THE MATH DEPARTMENT
TO PRODUCE

A STRANGE CASE OF SOMNAMBULISM

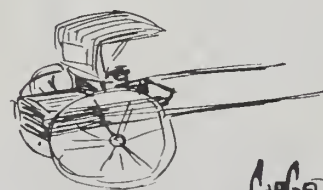


← **LAMSON**

BASS VIOL
WHERE ARE
YOU
GOING WITH
THAT
BYCYCLE

CONTRIBUTE

A RHYME OR SNAPPY
CRACK ABOUT YOUR
FARORITE PROF. THE
BUGGY RIDE ISN'T A
CLOSED JOB — ALL
COMERS ARE WELCOME!!



G. G. G.

THE LEHIGH BURR

VOL. XLI

FEBRUARY, 1931

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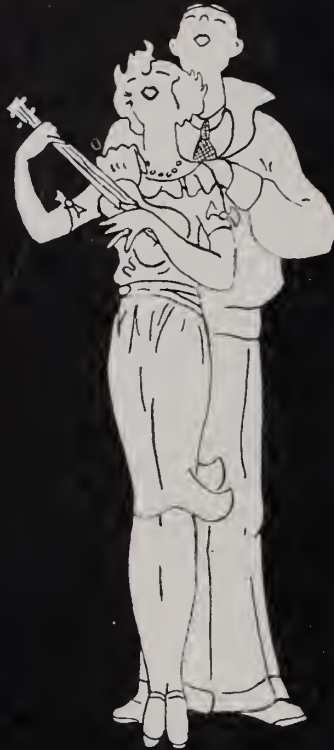
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MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATION OF COLLEGE COMICS OF THE EAST.

CONTRIBUTORS

SNYDER, WISE, OSBORN, PETERS,
BEACH, KRIEBEL



Douglass Brigham

EDITORIAL

(SO THEY SAY)

BURR ON THE FENCE

The Senate

In recent years this country has been known to have a Senate. — You know, one of those collections of prize psychiatric cases chosen selectively from all over the country. There are two senators chosen from all over the country. There are two senators chosen from each state—how could that be a good system when everyone knows that no good can ever come out of Connecticut. "Taxation without representation" was the cause of the American Revolution and what have we now? —Taxation with representation. Are we well off? When we won the revolution, we were free and then what happened? They immediately created a Senate and since then we've been going from bad to worse 'till we are nowhere—NOWHERE! The senate makes laws for us to break and then taxes us to pay for breaking them. The BURR goes on record as standing for representation without taxation and good schnopp.

The Depression

Even since the days of staunch Republicans as Grant, Roosevelt, and Harding, this magazine has been Republican. But we are hanging with the times. We are now coming out to back the Democratic party. Why? They are wet and this is a wet magazine.

"The wetter the better,
The better the wetter!"

MacDuff, Act VII Scene 0.
Shakespeare.

What did the Republicans ever do for us? They got us into a depression. The Republican senators are controlling the money market and are taking our money from us. They say the depression is over, but don't you believe them city slickers—they'll get our money yet, gosh hang them. We need the assistance of everyone in this here village to put these gosh hanged Republicans out of office. The BURR says vote Democratic and put an end to this depression.

The Theatre

The theatre is an age old institution in this country, but things are getting too free. Many of you people will think that that there is a broad statement to make, but I got proof. Just two weeks ago coming next Friday, the editor's brother, Joel, travelled up to New York to see one of these new-fangled musical comedies. It was right good for grown-ups but young people were sitting right there in the audience and heard and saw those carrings on on the stage which were almost disgraceful and there should be a law against it. In the city the parents don't know where their children are until as late as ten o'clock at night sometimes, and if they see things like what you can see on the stage why I don't know what we're coming to. Joel said them chorus girls wear almost less than nothing and you know that isn't right. He says they wore skirts above their knees and you know that no decent girls would even show their ankles below their skirts. All that goes on on this here stage is indecent and the BURR hopes that none of it's readers will get close enough to let themselves be contaminated with such indecency.

The Blare Bugle

(BETTER THAN A ROEBUCK SEARS CATALOGUE)

VOL. 0—NO. 0.

FEBRUARY 31, 1931

PAGE 1—and only

MASTHEAD

Published whenever we get any dirt and a subscription. Price 5c in Blare and whatever we can get in New Caledonia or the Aultian Islands.

Ezekiel Britchesitch McFlugle.....Owner
Ezekiel B. McFlugle.....Editor-in-Chief
E. B. McFlugle.....Bus. Mgr.
(When we get any money)
Zeke McFlugle.....Janitor
Mac-News boy (We don't have one, but if we did it 'ud be old "Itchy" himself.)

EDITORIAL

The Bugle accordin' to its platform of civic improvement, says that this doggone business has got to stop. Ever since Lief Swanson's dashlund showed her winter efforts by givin' birth to pups, the dog population of this township has so increased that we editors feel the need of a full time dog catcher. This is castin' no reflection on our last dog catcher who was full most of the time.

Who'd make the best dog catcher in this here township? Why E. B. McFlugle, ask him yourself. People says he's always seein' a man about a dog, and putting on the dog.

STORK HERE AGAIN

God has again blessed the home of Horace Jenkins with the arrival of a 16-pound baby girl. Both Horace and Mrs. Jenkins are doing well.

Little 14-year old Abner Jenkins has been so inquisitive for three weeks that he hasn't gone out of the house even to play marbles. He says there's something funny about the whole thing, not meaning of course his father Horace.

When told that his baby sister was found one morning in a pansy bed, he said that it was no wonder the brat was so red-faced if it was found in a pansy bed under four feet of snow.

Horace is to be congratulated. Congratulations, Horace.

BIG SALE!!!

Pete Conrad's stuff out on the Ezra Perkins' place goes to the highest bidder next Wednesday at noon.

Colonel Jed Woolsey will close the barbershop 'n conduct the sale.

Pete's got a sweenied horse, and a heifer to come fresh next June. Also, an accordion the last hired man left in his room.

The hired man was the one who gave such a heart flutter to old maid Sissy Ambrose. He left town very suddenly between milking time and breakfast.

McFLUGLE TO RUN FOR DOG CATCHER

Throws Derby in Ring; Is Best Man For Job

Ezekiel Britchesitch McFlugle, editor, publisher etc., of the Blare Bugle is now a candidate for dog catcher.

The famous newspaper man threw his fedora in the ring at a Grange mass meeting held at the village bandstand out in front of Ed Meyer's harness shop last night. The straw hat fell into the horse trough before it landed in the ring, but he's a candidate just the same.

This paper goes on record here and now as in favor of doin' away with them tuba players in the band. Last night the strange moans had Ned Walter's cattle in an uproar. But if we cut out that tuba player there'll be only two musicians left in the band.

"I'll be the best dog catcher this township ever has seen," says Zeke. And if this wasn't an impartial paper, we might say that he sure is the best man for the job. We won't say it, but we could.

After being retired for two years, Judge Horace Doaks retired him, Mr. McFlugle has returned from a prolonged vacation at Atlanta.

Zeke shays he's sure he'll make a good dog catcher. He ought to know, 'cause that thevin' town marshal Hank Tully has been dogin' Zeke for years and only caught him once or maybe it was twice.

"It ain't the public office I want," says Zeke yesterday, "I want to help all my friends." Who could say more about dogs. What two year child even could say more. In fact, what two year old child could say anything about dogs.

The Bugle thinks y'better all vote for Zeke McFlugle for dog catcher. We're with him hammer and tongs, and if the blacksmith Lefe Burp has lost the tongs we're with him with two hammers.

LOCAL NEWS

Will Jake Potts please bring back the front of the Post Office which he stole last Friday night account of joshin' the mail carrier. It ain't no fair now Jake, you've had them boards a week.

A travelin' salesman out from Center Corners dropped in to the Palace Hotel last Wednesday noon for lunch, 'n Emily Smith, the owner's daughter, wouldn't get near enough to wait on him. She's been readin' "Hot Stuff" stories again.

The regular monthly Tuesday afternoon Ladies Aid whist and euche party will be held as usual on Wednesday night in the church parlors. Deacon Hinkson says all wimmen that don't play cards can bring knittin'.



MRS. ADAM BLOTZ AND SONS

MRS. ADAM BLOTZ TREATS KIDDIES

Prominent Matron Entertains in Honor of Daughter Abigail

Mrs. Adam Blotz, one of Blare township's prominent women, and its real hard for women to be prominent now that they don't wear bustles anymore, entertained the youngsters, including Pete Suskey's young hyena, last Tuesday afternoon at a spelling bee in her home a quarter of a mile past the watering trough on the new east road.

The entertainment was held for Mrs. Blotz's youngest daughter Abigail who resembles her mother in a lot of ways we won't mention here. Abigail didn't win the prize in the spelling bee due to a lisp she has developed since she fell off the stoop last week and knocked out three of her front teeth.

A short intermission was held just after Abigail lispingly spelled Mississippi in order to give the bye standers and spectators a chance to get on raincoats.

Well, as Ben Franklin, who was another well-known publisher said, it's an ill wing that blows anybody no good, cause Abigail due to the lack of those same teeth took over the young gentlemen in the spitting contest by a distance of over five feet.

SOCIETY

Col. J. J. Water-Water of Omygodshire and London arrived this morning on the Damrotter. He is a member of the North British Alai-Alai team which is visiting this country in search an opposing aggregation.

"CLEAN UP BETHLEHEM"

WAS THE ORDER GIVEN THE STREET CLEANERS TODAY

NEWS FROM PUMPKIN CENTER

Lizzy Jones, the popular local soprano, is said to have a voice of fine timber, a willowly figure, cherry lips, chestnut hair, and hazel eyes. Asa Long, the town wit, says she must have been raised in a lumber camp.

Asa long says that when you see the mother of a ten-year-old boy making rapid progress in the direction of the river with a stout pole in her hand, you will not be far out in concluding that she is going fishing. Yes, indeed, she is on a "whaling voyage" that is, of course, providing that she can find the boy.

A young boy was heard talking to Asa the other day. Says he, "It must be great to be famous. Just think of all the great men who die and have their faces on \$10 bills."

"Ah," answered our sage, "I'd rather be alive and have my hand on one."

Asa says that there are a farmer and wife in town who have a dog. Now every day this dog chases the 5.02 express down the track. The farmer's wife happened to be talking to Asa on the train platform when Rover went after the train as usual.

"I wonder why he chases the train," said the wife.

"That's not what is worrying me," said Asa, "but I am wondering what he is going to do with it when he catches it."

Albert H. Jacobs Jr., the town drunk and hell-raiser asked Asa what he thought we will wear in heaven when we die.

Asa, ever quick on the trigger, came back with, "Well, if you are there, John, most of us will wear surprised looks."

The other night a young man was visiting Asa Long's daughter. He was a long time in saying goodbye. In fact, the two love birds were making quite a session out of it. "You are the light of my life," whispered the fair young thing.

"Hell's bells," shouted Asa from the top of the stairs, "put out that damned light and come to bed."

Asa says that he has a good one on Bill Jones. It seems that Jones and his young son were walking down Main Street the other day. A colored woman crossed their path. Immediately, the kid pops up with, "Look, daddy, what a black face that woman has."

Jones replied, "Hush! That is her natural color. She is a colored lady."

The kid breaks out again. "Is she like that all over?"

"Yes," came the short response.

"How do you know," came the next question from that never-to-be-shut-up youngster.

ANOTHER GREAT IF OF HISTORY

Writers have already told us what might happened IF Napoleon had won at Waterloo, IF the Greeks had been defeated at Marathon, IF Germany had won the World War. There remains a question, greater than all these, which carries vainly for an answer: What would have happened if the British had had blood-shot eyes at Bunker Hill?

—o—

The Brown and White's a damn good sheet
For kitchen floors, and wiping feet;
For dusting pews, it's dizzy news,
Makes Brown and White a damn good sheet.



LITTLE OLLIE—Hey, Pa, what's that?

BIG OLLIE—That's a snake.

L. O.—What's a snake, Pa?

NEWS OF TO-DAY

(OR YESTERDAY)

TOM SWIFT IN A SWEDISH FORD

or

**"Stick It in Your Pocket, Not into Second Gear,
You Bloke"**

Before our young hero, Tom Swift, had an even chance to batter down the door, his old friend and eccentric assistant had opened it, allowing the intrepid young inventor entrance. "Bless my pants buttons," was Mr. Damon's coy expression.

"Tch, tch," slobbered back the gallant young inventor, "I never expected to see you so soon, Mr. Damon," as Tom's father had always taught Tom to call the elderly gentleman out of respect for his age.

"Well bless my pink suspenders," ejaculated the ribald old funster, "but you are looking dissipated."

"And feeling dissipated," quickly spouted the younger of the two, who although his adversary didn't know it was a veritable demon at the art of rapid-fire comebacks. "Just back from the wilds of New Hampshire with a new invention on my belt."

So saying, the dapper young Mr. Swift removed a brand new boy scout knife from his belt, proudly but modestly displaying its new feature, a combination cork screw and bottle washing outfit of his own make.

"Well bless my razor strop, but that is the nerts, Tom. By the way, I just got a phone call from the Swedish Police force, saying that they wanted first bids on your new electrical police dog."

"Oh, and I did so want to see Mary tonight," quoth Tom with a look of anguish on his pok-marked pan, and a trace of bufonnery in his sigh. But business comes first, so Tom went stalking off to see Mary.

Bright and early the next morn, Tom upped and hurriedly bathing himself (as was his usual custom) —but woe on me— Tom unexpectedly got an ever so slight sliver of Palmolive Guest Soap (Ed. note—Keep that schoolgirl complexion) in his left orbit but after promiscuous supplication and ejaculation on the part of our read unfortunate hero, the day maid rushed in with a dry Martini, which used as an eye-opener, enabled the washerwoman to dig out the bad old nasty piece of soap. However, this is all aside from the point, and Tom dashed down his ham and egg, shortly later departing for Sweden in his newest airplane, the Speedboy de Luxe, amid a

fluttering of dirty hankies and two pairs of flannels hanging on the line.

He moodily glanced back at Mary, who was waving a motheaten chemise out the cellar window at him, and after a furtive glance and two broken ail-erons, he sadly turned his head, took his feet out of his pocket and climbed down out of the tree, pulling the wreckage down behind him.

His first thought was for his new Homberg, which was completely smashed, hat box and all—his second for dear old home and his sweet little gray-moustached mother, who had died 17 years ago when Tom was but a little brat.

"What luck," sighed the young adventurer as he picked up his most personal belongings (Censored) and caught a street car for home, "but it was all for Mary and dear old Pelham H. S. He looked a moment into space, and after a few passenger stops and several gutteral quips by a co-street car fan, he murmured, audibly, for those close enough to be able to catch any wandering wafts of B. O., that famous last phrase, "I'd die for dear old Pelham."

—o—

Two sisters were overheard talking. Their conversation:—

1st: Dad thinks there is something wrong when you get low marks at school.

2nd: He always did have a foul mind. Why, I might have gotten them from falling over a chair.

—o—

**THE EPITOME WANTS 14 BUCKS TO
PRINT YOUR PICTURE, WE'LL PRINT IT
FOR NOTHING IF IT'S FUNNY ENOUGH!**

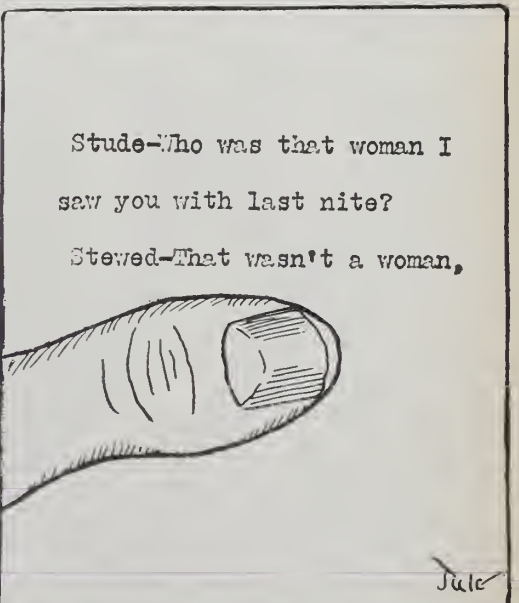
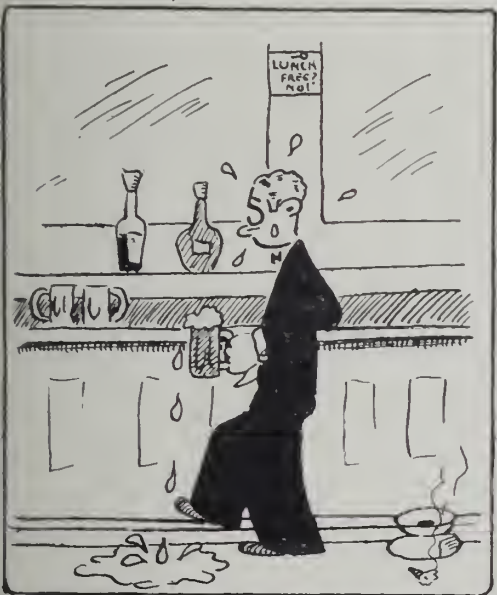
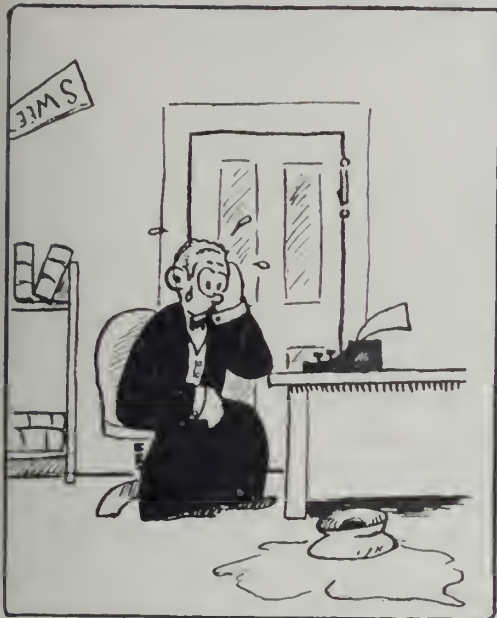
—o—

"Izzy, vere iss me glasses?"

"On yer nose fadder."

"Vy must you always be so indefinite, Izzy?"

COMIC SECTION



Stude-Who was that woman I
saw you with last nite?
Stewed-That wasn't a woman,

"And another man makes the BURR board!"

Dr. Carothers Has Lockjaw

This rumor was denied today by Mrs. Carothers
(Story on Page 35)

In a recent issue of the Brown and White an instructor in the economics department was erroneously stated as being a member of the English department. He was so infuriated at the insult that he finally took the matter up personally with the editor of the paper. How well he succeeded is best told in the editor's own words: "There was a blow; somebody fell. We got up. Turning upon our antagonist, we succeeded in winding his arms around our waist, and by a quick maneuver threw him on top of us, bringing our back at the same time in contact with the floor. Then, inserting our nose between his teeth, and cleverly entangling his hands in our hair, we had him."

—o—

There was a group of Englishmen on a hunting expedition in Africa. One day a lone member of the party had been off on a private mission that had caused him to walk many miles through the jungle. The fierce rays of the tropical sun proved too much for him and when he was part way back he had to rest and he fell asleep in the shade. He was later awakened by strange noises — the crunching of dry twigs and the smacking of lips. He sat up, and there just ten feet away was a huge lion with greedy eyes upon him, crouched, and straining for a spring. Our Englishman couldn't move; he was petrified with fear.

The lion sprang, but his mighty muscles sent him way over his prey and thirty feet beyond. The man, then also sprang and ran like hell back to his camp, where, between pants, he told his remarkable tale. Several days later fate chanced to send this Englishman through this same region of the jungle as he warily approached the spot that was so full of dire memories for him, what did he see there right before his eyes, but the same lion practicing short jumps.

—o—

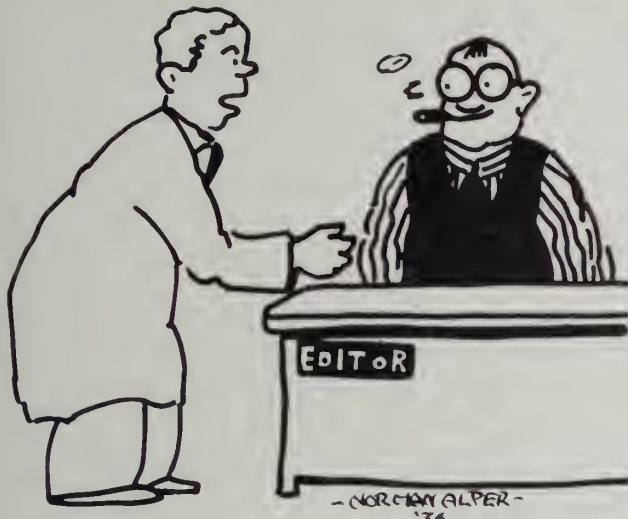
If all the people who are air minded should be aviators, why shouldn't those who are tow headed be auto mechanics.



CONTRARY TO GENERAL BELIEF — THE
PHI GAM'S DON'T KEEP BEER IN THEIR PAR-
LOR, THEY HAVE A CELLAR!

PHONNY FRUITS

- A—assafoetida (very decided flavor)
- B—bunanoes
- C—caullyflower (ocassionally ears)
- D—dates seldom a fruit)
- E—epples
- F—faculty
- G—grapes (frequently sour)
- H—horseradish
- I—ipecac
- J—julep (especially mint)
- K—kan'telope
- L—lemons (not always a fruit)
- M—malt (a la Maennerchor)
- N—navels (oranges)
- O—Olive (sometimes a sweet young thing)
- P—pineapples (often take for dates)
- Q—qucumber
- R—razzberries (hardly ever a fruit)
- S—scrabapples
- T—tobasco sauce
- U—Eureka (try and find it)
- V—vatermellon
- W—wanilla beans
- X—experegrass
- Y—yokel (fruit for the city slicker)
- Z—zauerkraut



“—But I don't want to sell papers, I want to be a reporter!”

—o—

THE GRAND NEW GAME OF RACKETS

Out of the great conglomeration of new parlor suites, new movie stars and new kissing games comes a brand new sport—Rackets. No indeedy, its not Tennis and its not LaCrosse; this is something original (I made it up myself). Known as the college sport with a lust, it is played with a clubby-like instrument made of two extra hard blackjacks tied on the end of a whisk broom handle, which causes it to be called the whisker in less polite circles.

The idea of the game is not new, but I assure you the game itself is, the only trouble being, there are no referees allowed and the box scores get into the front page headlines instead of the sport page.

Now you see, the one side, which for instance we will call Harold Whatsis is on the offensive; all right then, Harold picks out somebody whom he doesn't like very much to be on the defensive side, but the man on the defensive side isn't allowed to carry any protection, unless he warily slips a racket into his pants leg, suspecting fishy business. Harold puts a nice fresh smoked Herring (if the opponent's name ends in—burg or—stein) or a budding debutante in front of a brush. Then the fun begins. You see, Abe or Al or whatever the poor sap's name happens to be, comes tripping along to find his favorite dish or whatever it is, tempting him on and asking for a broken caranium. Harold is hiding behind the bush, poisoning his racket, but his opponent does not have the slightest idea of his presence, of course. Then the game starts. The game is to see whether Harold can or cannot make bloeey out of his brother sportsman in one weild of the bludgeon. The chances have it that one weild will be a great sufficiency. Then the man is weild away—usually in an ambulance.

Rackets is a game of unestimateable value and entertainment for countless thousands of our down

trodden husbands and other depressed people of to-day, having become popular very rapidly in the eastern universities. For example, a challenge to the bloke that teaches you English three A. M.'s a week or to the bare-brained cluck that stole your stink bomb just before the Alumni got back, could absolutely not be refused. Also in Jersey, the game is played a great deal with that damned bed-mate who insists upon eating Graham crackers after "lights."

It is not a hard game to learn to play and it has an advantage over Football, LaCrosse and Fencing, because in those sports the other guy might be better than you are, while in this game the other fellow doesn't even have a chance to show how good he is.

Furthermore, the expense of the game is minimum. If you don't have a racket, anybody can make a racket. See a policeman or a minion of the law, tell him what you want to do, and he'll get you the blackjacks for nothing. Also is you want to put a pro team into the field, a perfect score will be turned in to your account for about \$2.65 in round numbers, if you merely call the Agency. And that is, pretty reasonable even in this day and age.

There are many theories on the correct and most effective ways of handling the racket, but any way will do, just so the defense man doesn't smell your dirty undershirt and detect your uncalled for presence behind the bush. There are no set rules in this saate but in Georgia, Oklahoma and the Phillipine Islands, promiscuous swatting is prohibited, because it wouldn't be nice if you knocked off the wrong guy, or if you accidentally popped your bootlegger one.

If you are further interested in this game and in obtaining your letter in the sport, go out and make some enemies, as a minimum of ten converted grease spots with witnesses is necessary for membership. A book of rules, costing 50c, will be sent to you free of charge if you send us your monniker on a slip of paper. Also five dollars for hush money.



SWEETHEART OF MY STUDENT DAYS?

SNEER LEADERS



THE GREAT AMERICAN TRAGEDY

—o—

DECORUM STILL LIVES — AND FLOURISHES

Editor's note: The following is an excerpt from a letter sent to this office by Baron Rubin Oakiedoo, Paris editor of this publication, describing an experience the Baron had while "enroute" to this country last fall on a short visit.

"The Mauretania sailed from Cherbourg on the afternoon of a most beautiful Sunday. I came aboard and went directly to my cabin, where I unpacked a few things and took a short nap—this that I might be in excellent condition for whatever should subsequently occur: wine; women; or intestinal instability. I went down to the dining room for dinner, expecting of course, to meet some interesting young people—or at least an attractive girl. But, much to my sorrow, I neither met nor saw anyone who might be included in this category. Feeling rather badly about this I retired early, and had a good night of sleep.

All day Monday I kept a strict vigil for a glance at a good-looking girl; but fortune was not with me, and I began to get pessimistic about the fun I should have during the voyage. Yet decorum is decorum; so I dressed for dinner and made my way to the dining salon (on the "Mauretania" (I call it a mess). There were no developments during dinner, and soon after I took myself to the Palm Room, hoping to see someone nice dancing, or watching the dancing.

I left the Palm Room two hours later, unrewarded for my long wait, and went up to the boat deck. I

had not realized what a beautiful night it was until reaching the deck. Then the thought of how terrible it was to be in such an ideal spot alone almost drove me insane. I strolled down the deck a bit, gazing out upon the moon-lit water, and decided to sit in one of the chairs which were gracing the side of the deck. I did sit down, and then suddenly to my great surprise, I noticed that a person of female sex was sitting in the chair next to mine. I stole a glance at her face and—well, I had not seen her about the ship before. I thought a moment, and then ventured to say "Gorgeous night, don't you think?" She turned toward me with a look of surprise, and her eyes — oh! It would be impossible for me to describe her beauty, and rather than do it an injustice I shall omit the description. Nevertheless she replied, "Rather an original form of introduction, is it not?" My apologies were immediate, although hardly sincere. I explained to her that I was so lonely and she also seemed lonely . . . She soon invited me to share her deck chair with her, which I did, debating for a time on the propriety of such a course. Ahen in a short time, wishing to share invitation for invitation, I suggested she share her lips with me—which she, hesitating a bit at first, did. In this manner did our friendship grow for an hour; but I made an error. I suggested that we go downstairs and dance a bit. Ah decorum now you resemble precocity, because she became very much aloof and, withdrawing from my embrace, replied "Impossible my dear sir, I have never had the pleasure of being introduced to you."

—o—

In 1940, when Lehigh will be teaching more modern and more useful courses.

Soph: "Hell. I busted that Racketeering quiz this morning. Couldn't think of five ways to bump off a guy without getting arrested. How did you do in your Graft exam.?"

—o—

Frosh: "What's a rubber check?"

Senior: "Something bad that always comes back to you."

Frosh: "Something like these girls who are always telephoning the fraternity."

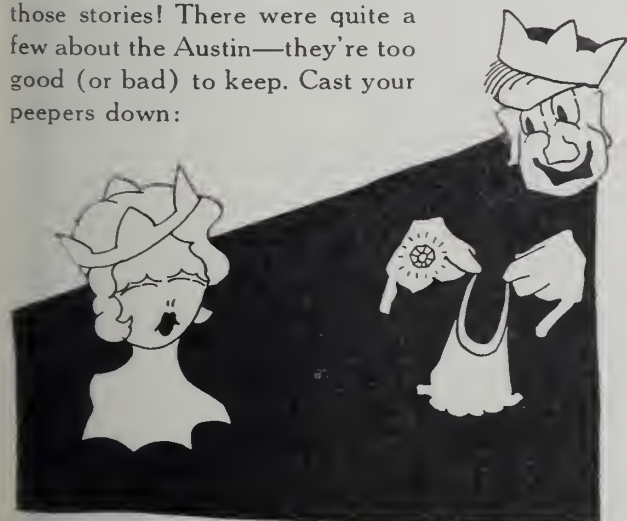
THIS WRESTLING GAME

Wrestling—now THERE'S a sport for you! I'll bet Jim Londos could s'port a wife and family on what he gets for wrestling. But all joking aside— Editor's note: Oh, WERE you joking?—all joking aside—wrestling is a fascinating game.

The most important holds have been developed in intercollegiate circles. This is, of course, a figure of speech, for I should say squares; wrestlers are squareheaded, not round-headed. Take Yale, for instance (and DID we take 'em last year?): it was at Yale that the headlock was invented, to say nothing of the night latch and the padlock.

Before going into such technical details, let's explain the game for you dumb yaps who know less about it than I do. First of all, there is a mat. Editor's note: What's a mat? (Nothing's a mat; all is O. K. Proceed.) Then there are two men. One we'll call Phil- ip and the other Louis. (Heh, heh—now I give myself away—who'll take me?)

They slouch upon, the mat come to the center, and shake paws. Suddenly they discover they know each other, and two minutes later are telling stories. And you SHOULD HAVE HEARD those stories! There were quite a few about the Austin—they're too good (or bad) to keep. Cast your peepers down:



"MUST WE ALWAYS TALK BUSINESS, YOUR MAJESTY?"

Of course you've already heard about the young man—and girl—from Boston—and the one about the guy who couldn't get out of the Austin—and the one about the big wheels—to say nothing of the Austin in the service station—and this one: in a cigaret it's taste; in an Austin it's impossible—and about the small cars being EAT-EN nowadays (you know, the Jewett six.)

But to return to the hold, like a good stoker—what a hell hole that hold was! All day and half the night we shoveled and shoveled (coal) until the sweat ran off our backs like—well, like sweat. Three days later the plague broke out. Rash, fever — if fever I see another such a sight I hope to die and crossing my heart; how have you been, thank you? But in two days we sailed into Boston, a sick and weakened, but triumphant crew.

Our crew the next season was far inferior to the one on which I stroked dead old Parsnips to victory, and we made out quite poorly, losing to Penn. After our defeat by Pennsylvdelphia, the coach resigned and was found the next morning in the boat house, hanging by his neck from the rafters—he had died of a broken heart. We were all deeply moved as we look-



"How will you have your gingerale?"
"With a bottle of gin, Big Boy!"

ed the place oar; even the boat was only a shell of its former self.

Gentlemen, is it any wonder that I cry every time I see a wrestler—and did you ever bowl?

—o—

The English Department seems to hold a protective arm about the LEHIGH REVIEW, thereby confirming that age old adage, "Like father, like son."

NEVER TOO OLD

Niece (to aged aunt): Auntie, do you peep under the bed and then say your prayers?

Aunt: Hell, no, kid, I say my prayers and then peep under the bed.

—o—

Never ask a girl if she necks; get it from her own lips.

—o—

Merry Ooch says:—There's many a slip twixt the shoulder and Knee.

A BROWN AND WHITE FEATURE ARTICLE

Hello, dear readers! Back again after a strenuous week end, and hope your head feels smaller than ours. New York is a warm town these cool winter evenings. Heh, heh. Our subtle little news-hound, the star gate-crashing reporter of the Brown and White, your newspaper, has crashed through again and not through the ice. Over the week-end he got in on two hotsy parties and came out both times with a scoop clamped firmly between his molars, such action befitting the dash and romance of a Brown and White newspaperman. But casting all fun aside, the unbeatable little scamp again did nobly for our news column.

Late Friday night he snuck up on the private residence of Prof. Horace L. Sneezepoop where he managed after profuse difficulty to crash the bridge party therein being carried on. The alarming thing about the whole business is that Mrs. Sneezepoop's score was 1495 while Mrs. Auffenblatt's was 68 — and Mrs. Auffenblatt was keeping score.

Again on Saturday night our reported pulled a "fasty." By bribing little Clarence Jr., younger brother of Georgianna Precilowich, he managed to gain entrance to the "whoopie" party thrown

by the aforementioned Georgianna. Our reporter hid under the gramophone. When "Steve" Pczilowitowosky, our very own dear football hero dropped in, the party was at its best. The affair had reached the kissing game stage and had really become quite shocking. (Editor's note—Goodness meebus, what our college boys won't do nowadays!)

Well, dear readers, I have at last managed to fill our allotted space, and hope it is not too boring. If you think you can write anything better than this, send it in and we'll be glad to throw it in the wastebasket for you.

—o—

A Poem (with apologies to everyone) about Our Urban Drink

In Canada it's Gin,
And the French thrive on Cointreau;
The Italians lap up wine till Tony's tight as sin,
And an enormous amount of Vodka Russians are
able to stow away.
The English like their bitter Ale,
And the Scotch their Whisky clear,
But here in Bethlehem town, we ask only
For our good old standby — Beer.

—o—

A parasite is a person who goes through swinging doors without doing his share of the pushing.

—o—

Tony was asked in school to use the word "disarrange" correctly in a sentence. "Well," said Tony, "my father was a-puttin' up the stove this morning and the pipe came down and hit him on the head, and he said 'damn-a disarrange'."

—o—

Have you all heard the sad story about the poor innocent at Uenn who sneezed during his class in Russian, and was thrown out for swearing?



AVOID THAT FUTURE SHADOW!

Sensational Revelation!



OH FATHER, DEAR FATHER, COME HOME WITH ME NOW! THE CLOCK in the STEEPLE STRIKES ONE. A SENTIMENTAL SKETCH from AN OLD BALLAD, RENDERED IN THE WOOD BY HÖRL

McCONN DISCHARGED

From Hays & Beans Committee

DUTY OF ANSWERING VAN LOON

(Story in Alumni Bulletin)

PUTTING UP A M. S. & T. PUP TENT

There are two hundred different ways of putting up a tent, one hundred and ninety-nine of which are incorrect. For the benefit of those who are taking M. S. & T. some of the wrong ways and the right way are here given.

The trouble with the average amateur tent erector is that he chooses the Leaning Tower of Pisa as his model. And he has a great deal of trouble with his poles. He has more trouble with his poles than the Russians have with theirs. He invariably sets the front pole so it points fixedly at the North Star, and then tries to even things up by aiming the rear pole in the general direction of the Southern Cross.

Then his chief concern in putting up the canvas seems to be the hiding of the poles. Many are remarkably successful at this. Often the poles are so well hid Cook and Peary together couldn't find them. But the tent lacks symmetry. It is built like a hunting dog—broad in the chest and too lean in the flanks. It is a tall, thin tent, in which one could sleep best standing.

Most amateurs want to pitch their tents in a bosky dell, close to impress on the amateur camper the primal law of nature that water will flow downhill, but it also gives him such a fine chance to die of pneumonia that he may not get much benefit from the lesson.

It also teaches him a whole lot about ditching a tent. Most amateurs put a ditch around a tent mainly as an ornament—a sort of moat. And after a heavy rain they

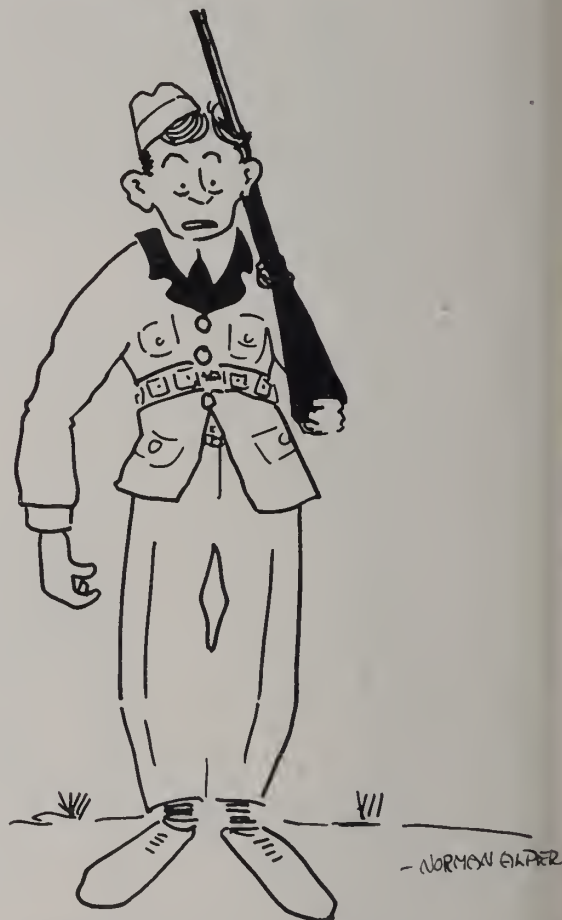
find they need a portcullis and to the spring and bathroom. Bosky dells are all right in poetry, but not in rainy weather. A sudden torrential downpour may come any night—they always come in the night—and turn the dell into a deluge, or turn a deluge into the dell, just as you prefer. This serves drawbridge to get out.

But there is a right way to do everything. Are you all ready to hear the right way? Then listen:

The right way is to find out what day they are going to put your Company through those drills and cut that day. Simple enough??

—o—

We are told that the Lehigh Review is supported by those who are seeking the "FF - Iner things inlife." Geez we must be a rowdy lot.



HIS FOLKS NAMED HIM JASON WHEN THEY
DISCOVERED HOW THEY'D BEEN FLEECE

—o—

Fannie Brice not long ago remarked that she thought she knew all the salesmen stories, but when somebody related the one in which three such bores were involved she admitted that humor had made an advancement. (I still think there's safety in numbers.)

—o—

A New York flapper brought suit against a certain gentleman for slander, charging he accused her of not having a thimbleful of brains. But the judge threw the case out of court, claiming no slander was visible, as the flapper undoubtedly didn't even know what a thimble was.

SHORT FERNS AND ACORNS

THE MATHEMATICS OF MOTORING

The probability of passing a truck is equal to one half the width of the road, minus the width of the truck, minus the width of the oncoming machine, or zero.

Infractions of laws may be solved by extracting the root of all evil and squaring the constable.

A car skidding off the road at a speed of forty-five miles an hour usually describes a parabola, while the motorist telling about it afterwards usually describes a hyperbole.

The altitude plus the mean diameter of a traffic cop usually determine the angle of a motorist's remarks.

When the circumference of an automobile tire is bisected by a nail forming a straight or obtuse angle to the radius, the air is bound to escape at the point of intersection.

—O—

Johnny had a parrot which proved a source of great embarrassment to him because of its proficiency in the art of syearing. A well-meaning friend advised him to throw a bucketful of sand over the parrot when it next swore. Johnny did so. When the dust had quieted down, the stentorious voice of the parrot was heard from out of the fog, "Hey, Johnny, where the hell were you when the cyclone passed by?"



**PROF. PERCY HUGHES ABSENT-MINDEDLY
TAKES ONE OF HIS OWN EXAMS!**

—O—

FABLE by Golly

Once there was
A BURR editor who
Didn't razz the B. and W.;
AND LIKEWISE
There was a B. and W. editor
Who didn't razz the BURR.
"A cute comic" said the
B. and W. editor
"A swell sheet" answered
The BURR editor . . .
They both died . . .
Which all goes to
PROVE
Absolutely nothing
So why not RAZZ
The B. and W. . . .
THERE'S ALL THE REASON IN THE WORLD
TO!
I thank you.



"SH—IT MAY BE WALTER WINCHELL!"

TOPICS IN GRIEF



"M-m-m — WOULD YOU LIKE TO TAKE
A WALK?"

Hello! Is this the Tri Delt House? What's that you say? Oh it is. Is Mary there? Which Mary? Why ah Mary ah—oh the blond with the blue eyes. Tell her its Ted calling. All right. Hey fellows can the racket, willya? I don't want her to think that I live in a boiler factory. Hell I'm beginning to feel like a telephone pole—I've held this line so — Oh! Hello Mary. What's that? No this isn't Fred; this is Ted. What? You don't know any Ted? You say maybe I want to speak to — Yea, that's right. I couldn't think

of it to save my neck. O. K. I'll wait. Phew! That was a bad break. Hello Mary; whadya know new? Not much, huh. Whado I know? Nothin' much. Yea, same difference. ————— sure. Pretty busy, huh? ————— All this week? ————— O. K. ————— Yea ————— Uhuh ————— (Anvil chorus from brothers—"Hold that line") ————— I'll be seein' yu. ————— S'long.

N. B. Lack of space prevents the insertion of the proper number of dashes. Just imagine yards an' yards of 'em.

Wonder what would happen if Burro were to mate with that ass that writes the "about the campus" column in the brown and white. (they don't deserve capitals.)

When asked to list Lehigh's most important publications, a bemuddled freshman absent-mindedly included Brown and White.

Tuesday night has always been most disgusting for me while at Lehigh. We always have fraternity meeting then, and on top of that, those damn Brown and Whites come out.

IT IS SAID THAT—

The Red Peril is with us at last. Harry Fretz has been seen driving the noble relic at twenty miles per.

Mt. Stone, late of the psychology department, has taken a position at the N. J. Hospital For The Insane. A one course dinner as it were, from nuts to nuts.

A shoe store recently had the following sign in the window
Come in and see our cow hide shoes
Damn remarkable bovine if you should ask.

Penn has instituted reform in athletics. Well the boys won't have such a hard time with their income tax reports.

THE BROWN AND WHITE INTERVIEWS PROFESSOR LOTABUNK (OF DEAR OLD CEDAR CREST) AT HIS HOME OFFICE.

Not having a regular reporter on our staff naturally we enlisted the service of the editor himself because this was his chance for an article and we thought we might continue the Lotabunk interest and give Falt an inspiration at the same time.

We have thought it best to give Worstall's report of the interview just as he has turned it in.

Falt is compelled to confess that he was more than pleased to receive the assignment to interview one Lotabunk, because Falt read Lotabunk's article in the Crestaire and does not share with the editor in the belief that Lotabunk's bunk is in any way superior to Falt's though admitting that both bunks are punk.

The fact that Lotabunk adjacent to the famous female college, and the knowledge that I could reach my destination over magnificent macadam roads, through the most delightful country by means of my trusty Ford lent additional attraction to my task.

I had little or no difficulty in seeing my man, for he seemed to

be right there on the job, ready to take anybody and anything which came along.

I was ushered into his private office, which was magnificently furnished in bird's-eye maple, and upholstered in the lightest shade of the most exquisite pink.

A generous window opened out on to the College Campus, where the students were doing various athletic stunts.

The facial map of the professor was somewhat difficult to analyze, as it was largely covered with a beard of many hues, trimmed a la Van Dyke.

My first impression was that I had discovered a homlier man than Lincoln, but perhaps that was not correct.

What was visible seemed to indicate gall, rather than intellect; cunning, rather than intelligence; pretense, rather than sincerity; egotism, rather than modesty; selfishness, rather than charity.

But as it was Little Falt's job to interview, rather than enter into a character study, perhaps this is superfluous.

So here is the dialogue:

Falt: Professor, why do you call your organization a "Statistical Chiffonier?"

Prof.: Merely to be up-to-date. Bureau is the term some use, but it is commonplace. Ask any of those young women if they wear drawers and they will look upon you with scorn. Combinations, or some other term, meaning perhaps the same, but conveying with it the higher or cultured thought, is what you would be told.

Falt: But Profess, most of them intend to wear trousers later on, don't they?

Prof.: Perhaps, but they will not designate the garment by so vulgar a term.

Falt: Now, how would you briefly describe your business?

Prof.: We sell information.

Falt: Concerning what?

Prof.: Concerning anything for which we can obtain subscribers.

Falt: Is that not a pretty big undertaking?

Prof.: Nothing is big in these days.

(Continued from Page 31)

The Burr offers the following suggestion . . . that the Brown and White be printed in rolls. One thousand sheets to the roll. Times are hard.

DEPARTMENTAL DITTIES (Brown and White)

Ye Editor	Moanin' Low
Faculty Advisor	Forever Blowing Bubbles
Circulation Mgr.	The Peanut Vendor
Sports Editor	Under the Spell of the Blues
Reporting Staff	Glow Little Glow-worm
Copy Readers	Here Comes the Sun
World News	To Whom It May Concern
Around the Campus	Empty Bed Blues
Athletic Review	What's the Use?
Around Other Campuses	
	Listen to the Mocking Bird
Advertising	Little White Lies
The Whole Works	The Song of the Flame or
	Keep the Home Fires Burning



"LEMME SEE DOROTHY DIX'S COLUMN!"

A House Or Host Suit



THE old-fashioned house-jacket or smoking jacket has returned to fashion and with it has come a pair of trousers, making it a house suit. It is a far more elegant outfit in these days, however, than its predecessor.

No longer is it made of flowered silks and brocades, but is perfectly plain and simple. As made by New York's finer tailors, it is usually tailored of a medium weight cashmere cloth. The lapels are silk-faced. Sleeves have silk cuffs and silk lining is used throughout the jacket. An even greater luxury is the pair of silk-lined trousers. All the careful tailoring and attention to detail that are given to a dinner jacket or a tailcoat are given these suits.

In the accompanying illustration, we see the suit worn with informal evening accessories including starched shirt, wing collar and black bow tie. It is frequently worn in this way for small dinners at home, that is, for six or eight people. The host wears a suit of this sort in bright blue, maroon, or green and the other male guests come in dinner jackets—hence the name "host" suit.

The bow tie may match the silk facing of the lapels, which is usually a darker tone of the color of the jacket itself. And when a double-breasted jacket of this type is worn, no waistcoat need be worn with it.

The Correct Width And Length For Trousers

WE sometimes hear that the correct width for trouser bottoms is eighteen inches. This pronouncement is usually made with a great show of authority and with a finality that invites no further discussion. And yet, a second's consideration shows us how obviously false and wrong such an arbitrary width can be. For some men—perhaps for the average man, if there is such a person—eighteen-inch trouser bottoms may be quite right, but we are not all made from the same pattern, and by the same token, our trousers can not be cut from the same pattern.

The width of the trousers at the cuff determined by the size of a man's foot and the shoe he wears. The trousers should barely cover the lace at the front of the shoe and hit a little above the heel at the rear. They should not cover the entire foot, nor should they be so short that several inches of ankle show at all times.

Trousers with cuffs should hit the top of the shoe without a break. Those without cuffs should break slightly over the instep. Both should be cut out the bias at the bottoms, and both should taper to their bottoms from a much greater width at the knee and an even greater width at the thigh and hip.



If you are interested in any question of men's dress or etiquette, write to the "Well Dressed Man," care of the Lehigh Burr, and your letter will receive prompt attention. Please be sure to give address accurately.

(Copyright, 1930, by Vanity Fair)



“LET’S GO!”

GOING places . . . doing things . . . and smoking Camels. All three are in the modern tempo.

Camels, gloriously mild and mellow, retain all the delicate fragrance of choicest, sun-ripened tobaccos, through the scientific care with which they’re made. There’s life and joy in such a smoke . . . never flat nor over-treated.

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For Information Address

G. B. CURTIS, Registrar
Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pa.

Lawyer (to opponent): You're the biggest boob in the city.

Judge (rapping for order):
Gentlemen, you forget I am here.
—Wampus.

—o—

"Next." "Who, me?" "Yessir."
"Where born?" "Russia." "What part?" "All of me?" "Why did you leave Russia?" "I couldn't bring it with me." "Where were your forefathers from?" "I only had one father." "Your business?" "Rotten." "Where is Washington?" "He's dead." "I mean the capital of the United States?" "They loaned it all to Europe." "Now, do you promise to support the Constitution?" "Me? How can I? I've got a wife and six children to support."
—Wampus.

—o—



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GREAT ATLANTIC & PACIFIC TEA CO.

Meat and Produce

Fresh Vegetables and Fruit
Fish Wednesday to Friday

We Cater to Fraternities

C. F. RUHF, Mgr.
112 East Third Street

Contributor—Shall we tell the one about the cheer leader?

Editor—Now, now, no rah Jokes.

—Froth.

—o—

"Do you know the St. Louis Blues?"

"No, but I know the Browns from Chicago."

—Lampoon.

SHOES THAT HAVE SNAP

Knowing just what college men want in shoes, and giving it at the right prices, explains why so many Lehigh men come to—

Farr's
Bethlehem



McCaa Studios

"Where Your
Photographs
Become
Portraits of
Quality"

Bethlehem,
Pa.

WELCOME

BOYS OF LEHIGH

Hollywood

Aristocrat of Inns

BETHLEHEM PIKE — NEAR CENTER VALLEY



The new Chevrolet Sport Coupe photographed on the Princeton campus with Blair Hall in the background

Built to *modern* standards of appearance and performance



Here is the finest performing car that Chevrolet has ever built—quick on the trigger, loaded with speed and power, easy to handle, downright dependable and designed to cover more miles at less expense than any car you can buy! And it is as smart an inexpensive automobile as you have ever seen—long, low, racy lines; graceful body contours; and the very latest type of fittings and appointments. Furthermore, the new Chevrolet is a thoroughly *modern* automobile. It delivers the

smooth, swift performance of a big 50-horsepower six-cylinder motor. Its Fisher bodies have the smartness, style and comfort of fine, modern coachcraft. In no single feature that contributes to the satisfaction and pleasure of owning an automobile, is there any compromise with quality. A fast, smooth, fine-looking Six . . . up-to-the-minute in every way—as a *modern* car should be! You'll be doing yourself and your pocketbook a favor if you see and drive the new Chevrolet before you buy *any* low-priced automobile.

Chevrolet prices range from \$175 to \$650, f. o. b. Flint, Mich., Special Equipment Extra
Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan, Division of General Motors Corporation

NEW CHEVROLET SIX

The Great American Value

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Large Main Dining Room, Grille, Moderate - Priced
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BETHLEHEM

He: "You've a faculty for making love."

She: "Oh—no—only a student body."

—The Satyr.

Girls, when they went out to swim

Once dressed like Mother Hubbard;

Now they have a bolder whim,

They dress more like her cupboard.

—Witt.

"Joe has a glass eye."

"Did he tell you that?"

"No, it just came out in the conversation."

—Wampus.

FOR PEOPLE WHO LIKE THIS KIND

"Waiter, there's a chicken in this egg."

"Well, what did you expect, a bicycle?"

Jack-O-Lantern.

Teacher: "Johnny, I'm surprised! Do you know
any more jokes like that?"

Johnny: "Yes, teacher.

Teacher: "Well, stay after school."

—Purple Parrot.

HOTEL BETHLEHEM

Fireproof

Offers Lehigh Students' friends and families hotel
accommodations equal to that found in the
largest cities

Our facilities are the best for class and fraternity
dinners, banquets, etc.

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Suits with Long Trousers or Knickerbockers

Prompt and Careful Attention is Given to Orders
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NEWPORT

PALM BEACH



© BROOKS BROTHERS

THE BROWN AND WHITE INTERVIEWS PROFESSOR LOTABUNK (OF DEAR OLD CEDAR CREST) AT HIS HOME OFFICE.

(Continued from Page 25)

Falt: Do you obtain many survivors, I mean subscribers?

Prof.: There is one born every minute.

Falt: You say you sell information, but where do you obtain it, that is, are you a dealer in information or a manufacturer?

Prof.: Manufacturer.

Falt: Is this information concerning the past, present, or future?

Prof.: Like all other manufacturers we cater to the demands of our customers.

Falt: A sort of an up-to-date business clairvoyant.

Prof.: Not exactly, we keep wide-awake, but put our patrons in a trance.

Falt: But don't you ever make wrong predictions?

Prof.: Our methods are infallible.

Falt: But I understand that since the war you have had the tip on the heavy leather market wrong nine times out of ten?

Prof.: Not at all, if the market went contrary to my predictions, it was the market that was wrong not my predictions.

Falt: Then your information is as to how the market should go?

Prof.: Exactly.

Falt: But how do you account for it when the market goes contrary to your predictions?

Prof.: Stupendous influences, backed by corrupt combinations of capital, jealous and incensed at my giving my subscribers inside information, bring their tremendous influences to bear upon the markets, just to discredit my work.

Falt: Then you are not in favor of the capitalists?

Prof.: As customers, yes, for they pay big fees and pay promptly, but I am a socialist.

Falt: Don't you think that it would injure your business if it became generally known that you are a socialist? Don't you think that capitalists would look with suspicion on advice as to how to increase their wealth coming from one who belongs to a sect who does not believe in their increasing it?

Prof.: Surest thing you know, so for that reason I am not making a feature of my politics.

Falt: Do you write for socialist publications?

Prof.: Yes, but as no capitalist will ever read them, that does me no harm with the capitalist, but puts me in good with the socialist.

Falt: I should suppose that some of the dailies would get on and show you up.

Prof.: I am an advertiser and immune from all such exposure by the press.

Falt: It is rumored that you are
(Continued on Page 32)

BETHLEHEM STEEL COMPANY

General Offices: BETHLEHEM, PA.

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PLANTS AT

Bethlehem, Lebanon, Steelton, Johnstown and Coatesville, Penna.

Wilmington, Del., Sparrows Point, Md., and Lackawanna, N. Y.

THE BROWN AND WHITE INTERVIEWS PROFESSOR LOTABUNK (OF DEAR OLD CEDAR CREST) AT HIS HOME OFFICE.

personally a great supporter of organized labor, even those who believe in the right of might, how do you expect to gain the confidence of the manufacturer and the manufacturer's subscriptions so long as you hold this attitude?

Prof.: I don't mix my labor sympathies with my business advertising and my attitude on labor is not generally known, while again there are employers of labor who think that perhaps a subscription fee is the best method of obtaining my sympathies.

Falt: But how do you get labor to stand for this?

Prof.: Never worry about labor. It has been standing all its life and will continue standing for anything.

Falt: Is your location here acci-

dental, or it is selected because of some particular advantage?

Prof.: Selected, of course. This town is a synonym for learning to every father of every girl who has ever attended this college and to every father of every girl who would like to attend, as well as to every man who has no girl and would like to have one. You see the Dad is on to the Sons. The Sons come out of college with less valuable knowledge than when they entered, but the girls are not so easily sized up and as the girl is always the Dad's favorite, every rich Dad of every girl in that college and every rich Dad of every girl that has ever attended that college or ever intends to attend, has greater confidence in our Chiffonier because it is located at a seat of learning. Then again, I use every one of those girls as an advertising medium, and believe me they can advertise some. I give free class in

college girls' finance, showing them ways and means of extracting additional spending money from their Dads. This makes the Chiffonier popular with the girls and when the Dads discover they have been done, they eagerly seek the teacher, for every rich man has a high respect for the chap who can do him, and again I am advertised and land a subscriber. But I will have to be excused, as here comes my finance class now, dear creatures. Sometimes I am tempted to treat myself to a shave when I see them come dancing over the campus to class.

So that ended Falt's interview, and he Forded back to the City, well within the speed limits, pondering, went to bed pondering and is pondering yet.

And the one question he is asking himself is:

"Why pay the price for gold when you can make brass shine brighter?"



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DETROIT, MICH. to SANDWICH, ONT.
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
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*Here's a Shirt that
fits and fits and
keeps on fitting*

ARROW PADDOCK

THE nearest Arrow shop has the new Arrow Paddock in your size and in your choice of nine smart pastel colors, plus white and including blue, tan and green.

Paddock is Arrow Sanforized-Shrunk, which means that its smart Arrow Collar will never strangle, its cuffs never creep up your wrists, its sleeves never bind under the arms. Arrow Paddock is *guaranteed* for permanent fit or your money back. At \$2.50 this excellent broadcloth shirt will give you more in good looks, comfort and in mileage than you've ever dared expect from *any* shirt. Ask for Paddock; make sure the Arrow Sanforized-Shrunk label is in it, then go ahead and *see* how far Arrow Paddock makes two and a half shirt dollars go.

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